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THE YUKON TRAIL

By WILLIAM McLEOD RAINE.

CHAPTER XXVII
Two On The Trail.

A stress of emotion had swept her into his arms. Now she drew away from him shyly. The conventions in which she had been brought up asserted themselves. Sheba remembered that they had been carried by the high wave of their emotion past all the usual preliminaries. He had not even told her that he loved her. An absurd little fear obtruded itself into her happiness. Had she rushed into his arms like a lovesick girl, taking it for granted that he cared for her?

"You came to look for us?" she asked, with the little shy stiffness of embarrassment.

"For you—yes."

He could not take his eyes from her. It seemed to him that a bird was singing in his heart the gladness he could not express. He had for many hours pushed from his mind pictures of her lying white and rigid on the snow. Instead she stood beside him, her delicate beauty vivid as the flush of a flame.

"Did they telephone that we were lost?"

"Yes. I was troubled when the storm grew. I could not sleep. So I called up the roadhouse by long distance. They had not heard from the stage. Later I called again. When I could stand it no longer, I started."

"Not on foot?"

"No. With Holt's dog team. He is back there. His leg is broken. A snow-slide crushed him this morning where we camped."

"Bring him to the cabin. I will tell the others you are coming."

"Have you had any food?" he asked.

A tired smile lit up the shadows of weariness under her soft, dark eyes. "Boiled oats, plum pudding and chocolates," she told him.

"We have plenty of food on the sled. I'll bring it at once."

She nodded, and turned to go to the cabin. He watched for a moment the lilt in her walk. An expression from his reading jumped to his mind. Melodious feet! Some poet had said that, hadn't he? Surely it must have been Sheba of whom he was thinking, this girl so virginal of body and of mind, free and light-footed as a caribou on the hills.

Gordon returned to the sled and drove the team up to the draw to the cabin. The three who had been marooned came to meet their rescuer.

"You must 'a' come right through the storm lickitty split," Swiftwater said.

"You're right we did. This side partner of mine was hell-bent on wrestling with a blizzard," Holt answered dryly.

"Sorry you broke your laig, Gid."

"Then there's two of us sorry, Swiftwater. It's one of the best laigs I've got."

Sheba turned to the old miner impulsively. "If you could be knowing what I am thinking of you, Mr. Holt ... how full our hearts are of the gratitude—" She stopped, tears in her voice.

"Sho! No need of that, Miss. He dragged me along." His thumb jerked toward the man who was driving. "I've seen better dog punchers than Elliot, but he's got the world beat at routin' old timers out of bed and persuadin' them to kick in with him and buck a blizzard. Me, o' course, I'm an old fool for comin'—"

The dark eyes of the girl were like stars in a frosty night. "Then you're the kind of a fool I love, Mr. Holt. I think it was just fine of you, and I'll never forget it as long as I live."

Mrs. Olson had cooked too long in lumber and mining camps not to know something about bone-setting. Under her direction Gordon made splints and helped her bandage the broken leg. Meanwhile Swiftwater Pete fed his horses from the grain on his sled and Sheba cooked an appetizing breakfast. The aroma of coffee and the smell of frying bacon stimulated appetites that needed no tempting.

Holt, propped up by blankets, ate with the others. For a good many years he had taken his luck as it came with philosophic endurance. Now he wasted no time in mourning what could not be helped. He was lucky the ice slide had not hit him in the head. A broken leg would mend.

While they ate, the party went into committee of the whole to decide what was best to be done. Gordon noticed that in all the tentative suggestions made by Holt and Swiftwater the comfort of Sheba was the first thing in mind.

The girl, too, noticed it and smilingly protested, her soft hand lying for a moment on the gnarled one of the old miner.

"It doesn't matter about me. We have to think of what will be best for Mr. Holt, of how to get him to the proper care. My comfort can wait."

The plan at last decided upon was that Gordon should make a dash for Smith's Crossing on snow-shoes, where he was to arrange for a relief party to come out for the injured man and Mrs. Olson. He was to return at once without waiting for the rescuers. Next morning he and Sheba would start with Holt's dog team for Kusiak.

Macdonald had taught Sheba how to use snow-shoes and she had been an apt pupil. From her suitcase she got out her moccasins and put them on. She borrowed the snow-shoes of Holt, wrapped herself in her parka, and announced that she was going with Elliot part of the way.

Gordon thought her movements a miracle of supple lightness. Her lines had the swelling roundness of vital youth, her eyes were alive with the eagerness that time dulls in most faces. They spoke little as they swept forward over the white snow-wastes. The spell of the great north was over her. Its mystery was stirring in her heart, just as it had been when her lips had turned to his at the sunrise. As for him, love ran through his veins like old wine. But he allowed his feelings no expression. For though she had come to him of her own accord for that one blessed moment at dawn, he could not be sure what had moved her so deeply. She was treading a world primeval, the wonder of it still in her soft eyes. Would she waken to love or to disillusion?

He took care to see that she did not tire. Presently he stopped and held out his hand to say good-bye.

"Will you come back this way?" she asked.

"Yes. I ought to get here soon after dark. Will you meet me?"

She gave him a quick, shy little nod, turned without shaking hands, and struck out for the cabin. All through the day happiness flooded her heart. While she waited on Holt or helped Mrs. Olson cook or watched Swiftwater while he put up the tent in the lee of the cabin, little snatches of song bubbled from her lips. Sometimes they were bits of old Irish ballads that popped into her mind. Once, while she was preparing some coffee for her patient, it was a stanza from Burns:

"Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun:
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run."

She caught old Gideon looking at her with a queer little smile on his weather-tanned face and she felt the color beat into her cheeks.

"I haven't bought a wedding present for twenty years," he told her presently, apropos of nothing that had been said. "I won't know what's the proper thing to get, Miss Sheba."

"If you talk nonsense like that I'll go out and talk to Mr. Swiftwater Pete," she threatened, blushing.

Old Gid folded his hands meekly. "I'll be good—honest I will. Let's see. I got to make safe and sane conversation, have I? Hm! Wonder when that lazy, long-legged, good-for-nothing horsethief and holdup that calls himself Gordon Elliot will get back to camp."

Sheba looked into his twinkling eyes suspiciously as she handed him his coffee. For a moment she bit her lip to keep back a smile, then said with mock severity—

"Now, I am going to leave you to Mrs. Olson."

When sunset came it found Sheba on the trail. Swiftwater Pete had offered to go with her, but she had been relieved of his well-meant kindness by the demand of Holt.

"No, you don't Pete. You ain't a-goin' off gallivantin' with no young lady. You're a-goin' to stay here and fix my game laig for me. What do you reckon Miss Sheba wants with a fat, lopsided lummox like you along with her?"

Pete grew purple with embarrassment. He had not intended anything more than civility and he wanted this understood.

"Hump! Ain't you got no sense a-tall, Gid? If Miss Sheba's hell-bent on goin' to meet Elliot, I allowed some one ought to go along and keep the dark offen her. 'Course there ain't nothin' going to harm her, unless she goes and gets lost—"

Sheba's smile cooled the heat of the stage driver. "Which she isn't going to do. Good of you to offer to go with me. Don't mind Mr. Holt. Everybody knows he doesn't mean half what he says. I'd be glad to have you come with me, but it isn't necessary at all. So I'll not trouble you."

Darkness fell quickly, but Sheba still held to the trail. There was no sign of Elliot, but she felt sure he would come soon. Meanwhile she followed steadily the tracks he had made earlier in the day.

She stopped at last. It was getting much colder. She was miles from the camp. Reluctantly she decided to return. Then, out of the darkness, he came abruptly upon her, the man whom she had come out to meet.

Under the magic of the northern stars they found themselves again in each other's arms for that brief moment of joyful surprise. Then, as it had been in the morning, Sheba drew herself shyly away.

"They are waiting supper for us," she told him irrelevantly.

He did not shout out his happiness and tell her to let them wait. For Gordon, too, felt awed at this wonderful adventure of love that had befallen them. It was enough for him that they were moving side by side, alone in the deep snows and the biting cold, that waves of emotion crashed through his pulses when his swinging hand touched hers.

They were acutely conscious of each other. Excitement burned in the eyes that turned to swift, reluctant meetings. She was a woman, and he was her lover. Neither of them dared quite accept the fact yet, but it filled the background of all their thoughts with delight.

Sheba did not want to talk of this new, amazing thing that had come into her life. It was too sacred a subject to discuss just yet even with him. So she began to tell him odd fancies from childhood that lingered in her Celtic heart, tales of the "little folk" that were half memories and half imaginings, stirred to life by some odd association of sky and stars. She laughed softly at herself as she told them, but Gordon did not laugh at her.

Everything she did was for him divinely done. Even when his eyes were on the dark trail ahead he saw only the dusky loveliness of curved cheek, the face luminous with a radiance some women are never privileged to know, the rhythm of head and body and slender legs that was part of her individual, heaven-sent charm.

The rest had finished supper before Gordon and Sheba reached camp, but Mrs. Olson had a hot meal waiting for them.

"I fixed up the tent for the women folks—stove, sleeping bags, plenty of wood. Touch a match to the fire and it'll be snug as a bug in a rug," explained Swiftwater to Gordon.

Elliot and Sheba were to start early for Kusiak and later the rescue party would arrive to take care of Holt and Mrs. Olson.

"Time to turn in," Holt advised. "You better light that stove, Elliot."

The young man was still in the tent arranging the sleeping-bags when Sheba entered. He tried to walk out without touching her, intending to call back his good-night. But he could not do it. There was something flamey about her tonight that went to his head. Her tender, tremulous little smile and the turn of the buoyant little head stirred in him a lover's rhapsody.

"It's to be a long trail we cover tomorrow, Sheba. You must sleep. Good-night."

"Good night—Gordon."

There was a little flash of audacity in the whimsical twist of her mouth. It was the first time she had ever called him by his given name.

Elliot threw away prudence and caught her by the hands.

"My dear—my dear!" he cried.

She trembled to his kiss, gave herself to his embrace with innocent passion. Tendrils of hair, fine as silk, brushed his cheeks and sent strange thrills through him.

They talked the incoherent language of lovers that is compounded of murmurs and silence and the touch of lips and the meting of eyes. There were to be other nights in their lives as rich in memories as this, but never another with quite the same delight.

Presently Sheba reminded him with a smile of the long trail he had mentioned. Mrs. Olson bustled into the tent, and her presence stressed the point.

"Good-night, neighbors," Gordon called back from outside the tent.

Sheba's "Good-night" echoed softly back to him.

The girl fell asleep to the sound of the light breeze slapping the tent and to the doleful howling of the huskies.

(To Be Continued.)

SHIPS OF CONCRETE.

Vessels of This Material Are to Be Given a Trial.

To the average person the notion of building a ship of concrete seems rather absurd—not less so, indeed than the idea of using iron for a like purpose appeared to our great-grandfathers.

Nevertheless, the thing is being done successfully. It is within the bounds of reasonable likelihood that many of our contemplated cargo-carriers will be concrete vessels.

To build a ship of concrete is cheap. Its construction demands half the labor, half the time, and half the money required for the making of a steel or wooden ship. This is to put the matter very roughly.

Why, then, if concrete ships are so cheap and quickly built, should we not give preference to that material in the construction of our projected cargo fleets? Why bother with steel or wood?

The answer is that concrete shipbuilding is as yet in an experimental stage. No vessel of that material bigger than 1,200 tons has been constructed up to date. For all that anybody knows to the contrary, larger ones may not prove serviceable.

The earliest experiments in this line were made with boats no bigger than launches. Each new success was followed by the building of larger craft. It has been a progressive performance, with nothing taken for granted in advance, because there were no reliable data to go upon.

At San Francisco there is now in process of construction a cargo vessel of 5,000 tons of concrete. Will it swim? Presumably yes. But nobody really knows. Of course, it can be put afloat, but will it stay afloat? Its weight might break it down.

Consider the steel ship. Its skin is half an inch thick—sometimes more, sometimes less. Concrete, weighs lest than steel, per cubic foot, but the skin of a concrete vessel is four or five inches thick. That is why such a craft weighs so much more.

The 5000-ton ship now building at San Francisco is to be used, to begin with, for experimental voyages between the Golden Gate and Portland, Ore. If it proves serviceable, others life it, and bigger ones of similar pattern will be constructed.

A concrete house is cheap because it can be "poured." Wooden "forms," are placed in position, and the mixture in a fluid state is dumped into them. The same method is adopted for the pouring of a ship—which, however, may be built upside down, to be launched in such fashion that it turns right side up when put into the water.

One easily sees that this method of building a ship must be cheap, because of time-saving and labor-saving. But how serviceable will the ship be? And what will be its qualities for the practical purpose of carrying cargoes across the ocean—with possible attack by submarines to reckon with?

If our government experts were able to answer these questions, much light would be thrown upon a very important war problem. But they cannot do it. The possibilities of the concrete ship today are undertermined.

It may be said incidentally that the constructional "recipe" for making a concrete ship is different from that utilized for building on land. The stuff used is (ordinarily) about 1 per cent cement, 1 1-2 per cent gravel or broken stone and 2 1-2 per cent sand.

There is to be considered, of course, the item of resistance offered by the concrete ship to attack by high-explosive projectile or torpedo. The point is undetermined, but it is undeniable that such a vessel, if wounded, could not patch its skin for emergency purposes as a steel vessel might.

One should realize, of course, that the skin of a concrete ship is not merely a coat of artificial stone. The coat has a skeleton of steel rods, running fore and aft, with ribs or interlaced vertical rods of steel, supplemented by wire mesh, to hold the material together. Thus the structure is, as a whole, of great strength and durability.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ships and Men.—Four hundred ships averaging 8,800 tons displacement, in continuous service, are required, according to the war department's reckoning, to maintain 1,000,000 American troops in France, allowing for wastage of men, which must be made good by a steady stream of re-enforcements, for the supplying of food and other necessaries to maintain them.

These 1,000,000 men are enough to hold no more than 10 per cent of the battlefront, allowing, that is to say, for the necessary utilization of one-half the total force as auxiliaries behind the fighting line.

No statement—and that may be accepted as official—could better illustrate the enormous scale on which the operations of the present war are conducted.

MAN WHO DOES THINGS.

Secretary McAdoo the Live Wire of the Cabinet.

Theodore H. Price in The Outlook.

The United States is financing a world at war. Including our loans to the Allies, the treasury will have to provide some eighteen or twenty billions of dollars between April, 1917, and June, 1918.

This is nearly one-tenth of our National wealth. It is about five times all the actual money in the country.

Early last summer two billions of Liberty bonds, bearing interest at 3 1-2 per cent, were sold to more than four million persons. Over three billions were subscribed for. Before the sale was undertaken and while it was in progress there were many who said it would be a failure.

It was alleged that the amount was too large, that the rate was too low, that no bankers' commission was provided for, and that Wall Street hadn't been consulted. The offering was nevertheless a great success, and the bonds are already at a premium.

Now the country is being asked to buy from three to five billion more bonds. Of course they will be taken. But this is only the commencement. If the war goes on, there will be bond issue after bond issue, for the mobilization of our financial resources is pre-essential to the mobilization of our man power. This is an economic struggle, and money has become more than ever the sinews of war.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the world should want to know something of the financial field marshal under whose leadership the wealth of the richest country in the world is being enlisted for the defense of democracy. Organize it as you will, war cannot be made an impersonal affair. Justly or unjustly, victory or defeat will become associated with some one man.

The issue of the struggle will depend largely, if not entirely, upon his ability to inspire and retain confidence, for upon him devolves the responsibility for the decisions and policies that make for success or failure. In the case of a minister of finance, or secretary of the Treasury, as such a minister is called in our country, this factor of confidence is especially important, for he is directly responsible to the president only, and cannot be removed or forced to resign by the people or the national legislature, as in England, where a majority in parliament may vote a "want of confidence" and force a general election and a change of ministry.

There have been many such changes in the French ministry during the war, and the British cabinet has been completely reconstructed more than once since August, 1914; but in the United States out of ten department heads there have been only three resignations since 1913. A secretary of state and a secretary of war gave up their portfolios for reasons of their own, and an attorney-general relinquished his office because he had been promoted to the supreme court. The secretary of the treasury now is the same secretary of the treasury that Mr. Wilson appointed in 1913, and there is every prospect that he will continue to be the chief financial officer of the nation until the war shall end. Upon him there rests and will rest, the responsibility of raising and disbursing an inconceivably large sum of money. Under his direction our fixed assets must be converted into liquid credit, and taxes that are heavier than any before imposed must be promptly gathered into the than nine billion in the world, he must almost be endowed with the power that was attributed to the alchemists of old, for, with only three billion dollars of gold in the county and less than nine billion in the world, he must find a way to meet expenses that will probably aggregate forty billions, by June 30, 1919, if the war shall last till then. To do this and maintain and protect the credit and commerce of the nation withal will require an extraordinary man. The people must first of all believe in him, and their belief must be justified. He must be both courageous and honest. His courage must be reinforced by sound judgment, and his honesty must be of the sort that makes him true to himself, and thereby renders it impossible for him to be false to any other man. Above all, he must have vision and a faith in the nation's future that will enable him to see and to make his countrymen see the glorious picture of America, triumphant and at peace, that we have all glimpsed, but sometimes lack the imagination to discern vividly on the darkened screen of war.

Is William Gibbs McAdoo, the present secretary of the treasury, such a man?

In an effort to answer this question, the following study of his career has been prepared. We can only infer the future from the past. This is true both of men and of history but as a generalization it is a safer guide in the case of men than of history. What, then, is the story of McAdoo's career?

First of all, let it be said that he is not a rich man. The fact that he once had an office in Wall Street and raised some seventy million dollars to build the tunnels under the Hudson river that are still called the McAdoo tunnels had led many people to think he must have made a fortune. Such is not the case. When he became secretary of the treasury four years ago, he had only a bare competency, and those who know anything of official life in Washington will realize that a cabinet officer's salary barely suffices to pay his necessary expenses.

Mr. McAdoo was born near Marietta, Georgia, in the foothills of the Appalachian mountains, on October 31, 1863. He is therefore nearly fifty-four years of age. His forebears on his father's side were Scotch-Irishmen who settled in North Carolina some two hundred years ago, and many of his relatives fought in the American Revolution and the War of 1812. His mother was Mary Faith Floyd, whose people had come from Virginia to Georgia early in the nineteenth century.

His father, William Gibbs McAdoo, had served as a lieutenant of volunteers through the Mexican war, and twice attorney-general for the Knoxville circuit of Tennessee. He fought in the southern army during the Civil War, and at the close of hostilities found himself stranded with his family at Milledgeville, Georgia. General Sherman in his march to the sea had devastated all this part of the country, and the McAdoos found themselves reduced from affluence to extreme poverty.

The first fourteen years of the life of young McAdoo were spent amid these surroundings. The poverty of the people was so great that the struggle for existence was often tragic. He underwent all of the privations of the grinding poverty of that period. It was a lawless time and a trying time for the people of the south. The reconstruction period, with all of its horrors and humiliations for a proud people, endured through fourteen years. The men and women of the south lived in nightly terror of the Klu Klux, a body first organized for the protection of the lawabiding whites, but which afterward, falling into the hands of the lawless element became an instrument for all kinds of atrocities and oppressions. In a speech delivered at Hoboken, before the Board of Trade, in the winter of 1908, Mr. McAdoo said:

I was brought up in Georgia in the path of General Sherman's famous march to the sea. As Henry Grady once remarked, "General Sherman was a bit careless with fire, yet and for this reason, among other things, he never has been a popular man in Georgia. For myself, I feel that I owe General Sherman a debt of gratitude. He produced conditions and an environment which made it necessary for the individual to develop every resource and every power with which nature had endowed him in order to exist. I believe that character is produced and developed to the highest degree by hardships, suffering and poverty. I have never doubted that whatever of character and capacity I have developed has been, in a large measure, due to the surroundings and conditions which General Sherman forced upon the people of my section during that great war.

In the poverty of the reconstruction period there was one thing for which the well-born mothers and fathers of the south were willing to make any sacrifice. It was the education of their children. That he might bring up his family where there were good schools, Mr. McAdoo's father accepted the chair of English and History in the University of Tennessee, at Knoxville, and moved his family there. In due time William G., Jr., entered the university but left in his junior year to become deputy clerk in the United States circuit court for that district, so that he could support himself while studying law. He was admitted to the bar in 1884, and, despite his youth, soon became state counsel for an important railway company, now part of the Southern Railway system. In that employment he gained his first knowledge of the railway business. It fascinated him, and it was not long before he became president of the Knoxville Street Railway Company, which was one of the very first roads in the country to be electrified.

It was a grilling experience, for the operation of electric railways was but poorly understood, and a financial reorganization of the property ultimately became necessary.

To complete it, young McAdoo came to New York, in 1892 being then twenty-nine years old. Attracted by the opportunities of the metropolis, he stayed there and opened an office for the practice of law, interesting himself especially in southern enterprises that needed capital in order to keep pace with the development of the "New South" just coming into being.

In 1898 he formed a partnership with another William McAdoo, who had been a member of congress, assistant secretary of the navy, and police commissioner of the city of New York. Although the partners bore the same name, they were not related, and the firm was called "McAdoo & McAdoo."

It was shortly after this that the plan of building the Hudson tunnels began to take shape in his mind. It had been frequently suggested, and at least two previous efforts to realize it had been made. In 1878 a man named De Witt Clinton Haskins had actually commenced to dig a tunnel from Hoboken toward New York. In the face of many difficulties he had bored eighteen hundred feet under the river, when his money gave out. Another company took up the work in 1891 and extended the tunnel nine hundred feet farther. Then it failed.

Meantime the idea of building steel tubes instead of tunnels under water had been developed by Charles M. Jacobs, and Mr. McAdoo was led to investigate it. He came to the conclusion that it could be successfully applied to, or rather under, the Hudson river, and he went at it. This was 1901. He had been in New York then only nine years. He could not have had many friends among the financially powerful, but his enthusiasm and force were such that he was able to raise over $70,000,000 for a scheme that had twice failed, and by 1908 four tubes were in successful operation under the Hudson river. In the interval the Pennsylvania Railroad had followed his lead and built the station on Manhattan Island. This called for two more tubes. Then the Long Island Railroad built two more. Now the subway has six or eight tubes under the rivers that surround New York, and a pair will shortly be built from Fort Hamilton to Staten Island, bringing that rather remote part of the greater city within a few minutes of Fifth Avenue. While this multiplication of facilities has diminished the profit that might have been realized from the tubes that McAdoo constructed, it really emphasizes the public value of his work as a pioneer in progress. Even if he had never lived, these tubes would no doubt have been built in time, but it was his vision and enterprise that accelerated their construction and revolutionized the transportation facilities of the metropolis years earlier than would have been the case otherwise.

It is in this fact that the peculiar quality of the man's genius is apparent. He gets things done, and by his example induces others to hurry in action. He was studying law before he had finished college. He was one of the first men in the country to apply electricity to the problem of urban transportation. He came to New York and had his tunnels under the Hudson built while other men were talking about them; and almost within a week after he went to Washington he commenced to electrify and energize the treasury department.

Those who have had to do with that department under his administration and previously will realize the change. Business is promptly despatched, letters are answered without delay, and the entire force, from the colored messengers to the secretary himself, seem to be animated by the spirit that he expressed when, as president of the Hudson Tunnels Company, he addressed the employes of that company as follows:

Safety and efficiency of the service are, the first consideration, but among the things of the highest importance are civility and courtesy in your dealings with the public. It requires a great deal of patience to be courteous to people who may be rude and offensive to you, and it is human nature not to be, but, at the same time, you must learn to take such things in good temper; it is a part of your job. You must treat people courteously, no matter how they treat you. You must not engage in unnecessary conversation with passengers, and you must not address passengers before they enter into conversation with you. You are not there for the purpose of entertaining the public; you are there for the purpose of seeing that the road is safely and properly operated. Attend strictly to your duties, answering questions when they are addressed to you. No matter if questions seem to you foolish, give civil replies.

The amount of courtesy you display is going to have an important bearing upon the popularity of this road. The day of "the public be damned" policy is forever gone. It always was an objectionable and indefensible policy, and it will not be tolerated on this road under any conditions.

But it is in the economic reforms and construction that Mr. McAdoo has accomplished since he became secretary of the treasury that we find his chief claim to public consideration.

The list is a long one. It includes:

The revision of the tariff;

The creation of the Federal Reserve banking system;

The organization of the Federal Reserve banks;

The establishment of the Farm Loan banks;

The creation of the Shipping Board and the building of a government-owned merchant marine;

A trip to South America in the interest of Pan-Americanism which is already bearing fruit in the nearly completed alliance of Latin America against Germany.

The formation of the Marine Insurance Bureau, which provides shippers, ship-owners and their crews with war risk indemnity at rates at which it would have been otherwise unobtainable;

The plan for insuring the lives of American soldiers which promises to end the pension abuse and provide liberally for the wives and children of men who are killed or injured in the war;

The sale of the Liberty Loan and the organization for the second bond-selling campaign, now in progress.

In addition to all this he has organized and conducted numerous conferences to protect American interests that were jeopardized by the war. The cotton-growers have him to thank for the bank credit that enabled them to hold their crop over the depression caused by the outbreak of the war in 1914, and he hastened also to the relief of the western farmers when the dislocation of the foreign exchange market made it almost impossible for them to move their grain. He was among the first to see the need of American ships that would follow the prolongation of the war, and was the father of a bill which, if it had been passed, would have given us a merchant fleet far sooner than we are now likely to get it.

His vision seems to have broadened with the opportunities of the country, and his activities have been solicitously inclusive of every phrase of our economic life.

He it was who first coined the phrase, "The public be pleased," as a motto for those whose duty it was to serve the public, and at the age of fifty-four he has behind him a longer record of things accomplished in the public interest than almost any other man of his time.

That he has made this record and is still comparatively poor is proof of his idealism and courage. He seem to be one

"Who works for the joy of working,
And struggles for love of the fight."

This is the man to whose custody the financial interests of the United States have been intrusted during the period of the war. It is for the people of this country to decide whether his courage, resourcefulness and self-devotion are equal to the responsibility with which he has been charged. If their belief in him has any relation to what he has already accomplished, then he is entitled to their fullest support.

LABOR IS IN ACCORD.

British Workers Send Message to the Russians.

The British labor party, in a message to the Russian people made public this week, announced that the British people accept the Russian principle of self-determination of peoples and no annexations for the British empire, particularly in the middle east, Africa and India.

The message, which was issued by the labor party in conjunction with the parliamentary committee of the trades union congress, says:

"We have reached a crisis in the war. The negotiations at Brest-Litovsk have been interrupted because the Germans have refused to admit the principle of self-determination of peoples and the doctrines of no annexations. In thus acting, the Central powers are speaking clearly in the name of a militarist state.

"In this crisis the British people must speak because the Russians can only succeed in their great and perilous task if supported by the people everywhere. The British people must proclaim to Russia and the Central powers that its aim is identical with Russia's, that we, too, see no solution for the evils of militarism except self-determination and no indemnities.

"In applying this Russian principle to our case, we are conscious of the problem raised, but we do not shrink therefrom. The British people accept the principle of no annexations for the British empire. This applies in our case to the middle east, Africa and India.

"We wish to remind the Russian people that Great Britain, taught by the loss of the American colonies in the eighteenth century, was the first modern state to grant complete self-determination to any group of its inhabitants, for example, the Dominions of Canada, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. We accept the principle also for India and other dependencies of the British empire, though we believe that the record in the British government here gives little occasion for reproach.

"We intend to meet this by more rapid development of self-government. We respect the sovereign independence of the Turkish people in their national home, but we believe that the domination of their government over other peoples is a hindrance to their own national development.

"Our government is pledged to some of those peoples, Arabs, Palestinians, Armenians—that the Ottoman rule shall not again be imposed on them. This responsibility should be undertaken by the peace conference and a permanent international organization that we hope will be there constituted.

"In tropical Africa we repeat our renunciation of annexations. Nobody contends that the black races can govern themselves. They can only make it known that the particular government under which they have been living is bad in some or all respects and indicate the specific evils from which they desire liberation. We believe that the peace conference would well advise to place all tropical Africa under uniform international control.

"We adjure the peoples of Central Europe to declare themselves or make their governments speak for them in answer to Russia and ourselves. We call on them to renounce annexations in Europe with the same good faith in which we are renouncing them in Asia. We call on them to give the same self-determination to the French, Austrian, Italian, Polish and Danish members of their states as Russia has given to Finland, Courtland, Lithuania and Russian Poland."

The manifesto concludes:

"The family interests of dynasties or the desire of the German, Austrian and Magyar governing classes to dominate other classes and nationalities, must no more be suffered to prevent self-determination in central Europe, and thereby imperil it in Europe or a whole, than the interests of British imperialism or British capitalism must be suffered to do elsewhere."

"Peoples of central Europe: This catastrophe of the human race, this fatal schism in the civilized world can only be ended by the defeat of militarism on both sides and by the victory on both sides of moral and intellectual fair dealing. If the world is to be saved, it must be saved by good faith and reciprocity on the part of all. Do not fail us now. Do not let your governments drive the British people, as they are driving the Russian people, into the terrible choice between continuing the war and abandoning the only principles that can save the world.

"If this choice is forced upon us, we shall choose, as Russia chose. We shall continue, but the responsibility will be yours."

President Wilson has issued a proclamation placing under license all "dealers in feeds and malt, salt water fishermen and manufactures of tomatos, wheat and rye products." Permits must be obtained by February 15.

GERMANY SEEKS CONQUEST.

Prominent American Arraigns Land of His Birth.

"President Wilson has once more spoken to this nation and to the world in a great and noble message of splendid vision, rightly termed an international Magna Charta—holding up a veritable beacon light of right and justice for all peoples.

"We all pray with eager and earnest hope that the German people will recognize the spirit and meaning of that lofty utterance and that, casting aside the leadership of the militarists, they will grasp the hand stretched out to them in such generous and unselfish meaning."

So said Otto H. Kahn of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., New York, speaking at a meeting in the Auditorium, at Milwaukee, Wis., last Monday night. Mr. Kahn emphasized the duty and opportunity of the American of German birth—Milwaukee holds many such.

Ashamed of Germany.

"I do not apologize for, nor am I ashamed of my German birth," Mr. Kahn added. "But I am bitterly and grievously ashamed of the Germany which stands convicted before the high tribunal of the world's public opinion of having planned and willed war, of the revolting deeds committed in Belgium and Northern France, of the infamy of the Lusitania murders, of innumerable violations of The Hague Conventions and the law of nations, of abominable and perfidious plotting in friendly countries and shameless abuse of their hospitality, of crime heaped upon crime in hideous defiance of the laws of God and men.

"There is abundant evidence that the overwhelming majority of Americans of German birth, indeed all but an insignificant minority, meant what they said when they swore full and sole allegiance to America; that they will prove themselves wholly worthy of the high privilege of citizenship and of the generous trust of their native fellow citizens, and that they will not fail or falter under any test whatsoever. They will not permit the blood in their veins to drown the conscience in the breasts. They will heed the call of honor beyond the call of race. They will wear as a badge of honor—as I do—the abuse and spite of those few in this country who love Germany better than they love America.

"The Germany of to-day is not the Germany which you or your fathers knew. The Germany which brought upon the world the immeasurable disaster of this war, and at whose monstrous deeds and doctrines the civilized nations of the earth stand aghast, started into definite being less than thirty years ago. I can almost lay my finger upon the date and circumstances of its ill-omened advent.

"I know something from actual and personal experience of the plotting of the Prussian war party, and how for a full generation they had endeavored again and again to bring about a situation which would force war upon the world.

When the Stage Was Set.

"I know of my personal knowledge that the stage was set for it six or seven years ago in connection with the Agadir episode. I know that the Pan-Germans meant to have a footing in South America, and, once there, would have threatened, and had prepared plans to threaten, this very country of ours.

"A defensive war! There are certain telegrams from Sir Edward Grey, the British Minister for Foreign Affairs, to the British Ambassador in Germany, sent during the week preceding the outbreak of the war in Europe, which even to this day are unknown in Germany, as they were never permitted to be published.

"We seek no 'place in the sun'—to use the German chancellor's term—except the sun of liberty, and that we do not seek selfishly, but to share with all the world.

"America is incapable of hating an entire people, but we do hate, we are fighting and we shall fight with every ounce of our might the spirit which has power over the people of Germany, and which, if it were to prevail—as, under God, it never will—would destroy liberty, justice and democracy.

Cannot Both Live.

"The spirit of Prussianism and the spirit of Americanism cannot live in the same world. One or the other must conquer. In the mad price of its contempt for democracy, Prussianism has thrown down the gauntlet to us.

"The enemy is of formidable strength. But even if he were far stronger than he is; even if we did not have the men and the means which are ours; even if our comrades in arms had not demonstrated their superb and indomitable prowess, still must our cause prevail—for there is fighting with us, a force which has ever proved itself stronger than any other power on earth, and again and again has triumphed over overwhelming odds. That force, God inspired, death-defying and unconquerable, is the soul of man."

GENERAL NEWS NOTES.

Record of Current Happenings Collected From Various Sources.

The German Press, the only German newspaper in Seattle, Washington, is to suspend publication.

The Federal shipping board has announced that it will have 41 cargo ships ready for service by February first.

Allied airmen dropped copies of President Wilson's war aims address behind the German lines in Belgium a few days ago.

Ten Mexican officers, charged with plotting the death of Gen. Alfredo Novo and Governor Millar of the state of Mexico, are reported to have been shot.

Germany reports that Allied airmen made thirteen raids on German cities during December and claim that only slight damage was done.

Arrangements have been made for a ship carrying 400,000 bundles of oats to leave an Atlantic port soon for France.

A bill is to be introduced in the United States senate providing for the registration for military service of all men who have become of age since June 5, 1917.

One out of every three men of draft age in Pennsylvania is declared to be fit for army service. Already 101,626 men have been certified of 302,541 actually called.

Since January, 1917, 170 Belgians have been executed by the Germans on various charges. The total includes several women and girls and several youths under 20 years of age.

The death of Max Muller, one of Germany's most successful airmen, is reported as resulting from a falling airplane, due to a defective engine. Muller is credited with 38 victories over his opponents.

The United Mine Workers of America, with headquarters at Indianapolis, Ind., claims to have the largest service flag in the United States. It is 48x75 feet and contains 9,135 stars.

Assessment of Land.—A resolution was unanimously adopted in the house of representatives last Friday asking the state tax commission to rescind its order relative to the assessment of all lands and personal property at 50 per cent of actual values. Such action, it was argued would be unwise and ill timed, with the present high prices obtaining for all commodities. Also that it was not within the province of the legislature to revise all tax levies to adjust the incidental demoralization. The resolution was introduced by Representatives Toole of Aiken, Wasson of Greenville, Roberts of Jasper and Crews of Richland. It reads:

Whereas, the state tax commission has issued an order to the county auditors, instructing them to assess land and personal property in the various counties at 50 per cent of actual values; and,

"Whereas, the members of the house of representatives and of the senate, believe that this action would be unwise and ill-timed, at this time, for the very great reason that prices of everything are now above normal, and on account of war conditions and the increased circulation of money, and the said high prices are not likely to remain; and,

"Whereas, that it is not within the province of the general assembly, at this time, to fix all the tax levies, as the constitutional three mill tax cannot be reduced, and that many school districts within the state are now paying eight mills additional for school purposes;

"Therefore, be it resolved by the house of representatives, the senate concurring, that we hereby call on the state tax commission to rescind their order to the auditors of this state demanding that they assess property at 50 per cent of its actual value, and in lieu thereof, instruct them to fix assessed values of all property in the same proportion as have heretofore been assessed.

"That the speaker of the house of representatives, and the president of the senate shall appoint three members of the representative bodies to present these resolutions to the state tax commission at the earliest possible time."

PALMETTO GLEANINGS

Happenings and Events of Interest in South Carolina.

The Stafford bill, limiting the number of working hours in cotton and woolen mills and fixing payment of certain classes of labor, was passed by the house last week and sent to the senate for action. Sixty hours was fixed as the working week o[illegible] days of 10 hours each. Mec[illegible] engineers, firemen, teamsters, [illegible] men, yard employes and cle[illegible] are to receive time and one-[illegible] over time. Violations are pu[illegible] by fines of not more than $[illegible] less than $25 or imprisonment [illegible] exceed 30 days.

Of the 17,754 selectmen [illegible] Camp Jackson from the North and South Carolina and Florida, 1,975 or 11.12 per cent were sent home because they were physically disqualified. Such is shown in the statistics just announced by Provost Marshal General Crowder. At the time the selectmen were reporting at Camp Jackson the military officers saw that the percentage of rejections was very high, and in fact, had no hesitancy in saying that some of the examining physicians on the local boards throughout the three states might have exercised more care in selecting men to send to the National army. It is a known fact that one man was sent to Camp Jackson in such a condition that his sister was obliged to come with him and that he had an epileptic fit immediately upon arriving at Camp Jackson. The provost marshal's report calls attention to the rumors that some of the men were found to have glass eyes, cork legs and the like, and he states that "such might have been the case."

Bolsheviki Papers Divided on Wilson.—President Wilson's address has been widely printed and commented on by Petrograd newspapers. The Bolsheviki newspapers are divided in their opinion. Izbestia, official organ of the central executive committee of the Workmen's and Soldiers' deputies, says:

"The contentions for peace advanced by President Wilson are a great victory in the way of obtaining a democratic peace. We hope that in the American nation we will find a real ally in the struggle for general democratic peace."

Pravda, official organ of the Bolsheviki party, deprecates President Wilson's address, and denounces the president as a representative of American capital. Pravda says the speech makes old formulas of war.

Delo Nargda, the leading Social Revolutionist paper, says Mr. Wilson's address shows that he has made great progress since his reply to the Pope's peace proposals. It adds:

"In their present form the American conditions may be regarded as the basis of peace negotiations and if the Bolsheviki had not by their policy strengthened the military annexationist groups in Germany these conditions would already have been adopted as the basis of such negotiations."

Our Coal Supply.—There are well-informed persons who confidently assert that fifty years from now the utilization of "raw" coal for burning in furnaces, kitchen ranges and other purposes will be considered almost a crime.

There is just so much coal in the crust of the earth economically accessible. Every ton taken out diminishes the coal capital by one ton, and nature does not replace it. Manifestly, the available stock underground must be conserved to the utmost.

When coal is burned for fuel in our present wasteful way, great values in possible by-products are lost. The time will arrive before long, it is believed, when no householder or manufacturer will be permitted to burn "raw" coal.

They will burn coke—representing the residue after all possible by-products have been extracted from the coal. Conspicuous among these by-products are illuminating gas and coal tar. From the latter are obtained an enormous number of useful things, including all the colors of the rainbow (in the shape of dyes,) and no end of drugs valuable for medicinal purposes.

From coal tar is obtained carbolic acid, which is the basis of all the important war explosives. A by-product of gas manufacture from coal is toluol, which, by treatment with nitric acid, is made to yield the famous "T. N. T." for filling shells and other purposes of military destruction.—Popular Science.